THE LETTER I DID NOT SEND.

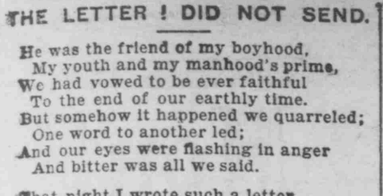
He was the friend of my boyhood,
My youth and my manhood's prime,
We had vowed to be ever faithful
To the end of our earthly time.
But somehow it happened we quarreled;
One word to another led;
And our eyes were flashing in anger
And bitter was all we said.

That night I wrote such a letter
As one might write to a foe,
And told him that never thereafter
Would I wish his presence to know;
We must pass each other as strangers,
Our lives henceforward apart;
And let him know that forever
I had torn him out of my heart.

Then I sought my bed, still raging,
But I courted slumber in vain;
The face of my more than brother
Rose before me ever again.
He was always so true beside me
And sharing all changes of life;
Our words had been always of loving
And never till now of strife.

And then our quarrel—what was it?
How did it ever befall?
Perhaps he was right—yes, I know it,
It was I in the wrong, after all.
Then I rose from my bed, took the letter,
And cast it into the fire;
And there saw it smolder in ashes;
And thus did my anger expire.

A fair morning shone on our meeting;
A look we could each understand
Had drawn us once more together
In a warm, firm grasp of the hand.
Not a word was said of our quarrel,
Again it was friend and friend,
Thank God that He never saw it—
The letter I did not send!
—George Birdseye, in Boston Globe.



CHAPTER VII.

There was trouble at the Presidio. All but ten of the escaped prisoners had been recaptured or self-surrendered, but the ten still at large were among the worst of the array, and among the ten was the burly, hulking recruit enlisted under the name of Murray, but declared by Capt. Kress, on the strength of the report of a detective from town, to be earlier and better known as Sackett and as a former member of the Seventh cavalry, from which regiment he had parted company without the formality of either transfer or discharge.

Murray was a man worth his keep, as military records of misdemeanors went, and a sore-headed fellow was the sergeant of the guard, held responsible for the wholesale escape. And yet it was not so much the sergeant's fault.

The evening had come on dark, damp and dripping. Gas lamps and barrack lanterns were lighted before the sunset gun. The sergeant himself and several of the guard had been called inside to the prison room by the commanding officer and his staff. There was a maze of brick and wooden buildings in front of the guard-house, and a perfect tangle of dense shrubbery only 50 yards away to the west. It was into this that most of the fugitives dived and were instantly lost to sight, while others had doubled behind the guard-house and rushed into an alley-way that passed in rear of the club and a row of officers' quarters.

Some of them apparently had taken refuge in the cellars or wood and coal sheds until thick darkness came down, and others had actually dared to enter the quarters of Lieut. Ray, for the back door was found wide open, the sideboard, wherein had been kept some choice old Kentucky whisky produced only on special occasions, had been forced, and the half-emptied demijohn and some glasses stood on the table in a pool of sloppy water.

But what was worse, the lieutenant's desk in the front room, securely locked when he went to town, had been burst open with a chisel, and Mr. Ray had declined to say how much he had lost. Indeed, he did not fully know.

"Too busy to come in," was the message he had sent his mother the morning after the discovery, and yet all that morning he remained about his quarters after one brief interview with the perturbed and exasperated post commander, ransacking desks, drawers and trunks in the vain hope that he might find in them some of the missing property, for little by little the realization was forced upon him that his loss would sum up several hundreds—all through his own neglect and through disregard of his father's earnest counsel.

Only three days before the lieutenant commanding his troop had been sent to Oregon and Washington on duty connected with the mustering of volunteers. Their captain was a field officer of one of the regiments of his native state, and, in hurriedly leaving, Lieut. Creswell had turned over to his young subordinate not only the troop fund, amounting to over $400, but the money belonging to the post athletic association, and marked envelopes containing the pay of certain soldiers on temporary detached service—in all between $900 and $1,000.

"Whenever you have care of public money—even temporarily—put it at once into the nearest United States depository," said his father. "Even office safes in garrison are not safe," he had further said. "Clerks, somehow, learn the combination and are tempted sometimes beyond their strength. Lose no time, therefore, in getting your funds into the bank."

And that was what he meant to do in this case, only, as the absent troopers were expected to return in two days, what was the use of breaking up those sealed envelopes and depositing the whole thing only to have to draw it out in driblets again as the men came to him for it?

There stood his own desk, a beautiful and costly thing—his mother's gift—with its strong locks and intricate system of pigeon-holes and secret drawers. He would "chance it" one night, he said, and give his trusted servant orders to stand guard over the premises, and so the little bag of gold went into one closed compartment, the envelopes and wads of treasury notes into the hidden drawer, and the key into his watch pocket.

His servant was a young man whose father had been with Col. Ray for a quarter of a century, a faithful Irishman by the name of Hogan. He was honest to the core and had but one serious failure—he would drink.

And now Saturday morning, while the guns of Alcatraz were booming in salute across the bay and all the garrison was out along the shore or on the seaward heights, waving farewell to the Vinton flotilla, and his mother and Maidie had gone out with the department commander to bid them godspeed, poor Sandy sat wretchedly in his quarters.

Hogan, overwhelmed by the magnitude of his master's misfortunes, and realizing that it was due in no small degree to his own neglect, was now self-exiled from the lieutenant's roof, and seeking such consolation as he could find at the Harp of Erin outside the walls, a miserable and contrite man—contrite, that is to say, as manifested in the manner of his country, for Hogan was pottle deep in his distress.

Although vouched for as perfectly sober from the Hibernian point of view, he well knew that he had taken so much that fatal Thursday evening as to be fearful of meeting his master, and so had kept out of the way until full time for him to be gone to dinner. Then, working his way homeward in the darkness of the night, he had marveled much at finding the back door open, rejoiced at sight of the demijohn and disorder in the little dining-room, arguing therefrom that the lieutenant had had some jovial callers and therefore hadn't missed him.

Hogan drank, in his master's priceless old Blue Grass Bourbon, to the health of the party, and then, stumbling into the bedroom and lighting the lamp, came upon a sight that filled him with dismay—the beautiful desk burst open, drawers and letters and papers scattered about in utter confusion—and in his excitement and terror he had gone on the run to the adjutant's quarters, told that official of his discovery, and then learned of the wholesale jail delivery that occurred at retreat.

He wrung his hands and wept as he listended to his young master's wrathful rebuke and the recital of his losses. He hung meekly about the house all night long, but, unable to bear the sight of poor Ray's mingled anger and distress, he had fled with the coming of the day and gone to tell his woes to his friend of the Harp.

Afternoon of Saturday came, and still Ray sat there nerveless.

He knew that any moment now would bring that loving mother and sister. He had cleared up the litter left by the robbers, put his desk in order, and Hogan had done his best with the sideboard in the other room.

Sympathetic souls among his brother officers had been in from time to time consoling him with theories that

HE CAME UPON A SIGHT THAT FILLED HIM WITH DISMAY.

the thief could not escape—would surely be recaptured and the money recovered. But on the other hand he was visited by the returned troopers in quest of their money, and was compelled to tell them of the robbery and to ask them to wait until Monday, when he would be able to pay them.

Luckier than others who have been overtaken in the army by somewhat similar misfortune, Ray knew that he had only to acquaint his parents with the extent of his loss, and, even though the sum was great, it would be instantly made good. Yet the thought of having to tell his mother was a sore thing. He had disregarded his father's caution. He had proved unworthy of trust before the gloss had begun to wear from his first shoulder-straps, and he well knew that his mother's fortune was no longer what it was at the time of her marriage.

In the years of their wanderings all over the west all her business affairs had been in the hands of a trusted agent at home, and it so often happens that in the prolonged absence of owners trusted agents follow the lead of the unjust steward of Holy Writ and make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness and ducks and drakes of their employers' assets.

The ranch bought for him the year gone by was a heavy drain. His father, in giving him a few hundred dollars for his outfit, had told him that now he must live entirely on his pay, and that he should be able to "put by" a little every month.

But, as was to be expected of his father's son and his Kentucky blood, Sandy could not bid farewell to his associates at the ranch or the citizens of the little cow and mining town on the Big Horn without a parting "blow out," in which his health was drunk a dozen times an hour. Oh, that he had that money now instead of certain unpaid bills in that ravished secret drawer! It was humiliation inexpressible to have to send these men away empty-handed, and in his dejection and misery, poor boy, he wandered to his sideboard instead of going to luncheon at the mess, and all he had had to eat or drink that day, by the time Mrs. Ray and Maidie came late in the afternoon, was some crackers and cheese and he didn't know how many nips of that priceless Blue Grass Bourbon.

The bright, brave young eyes were glassy and his dark cheek heavily flushed when at four o'clock he hastened out to assist his mother form her carriage, and the color fled from her beautiful face, her heart seemed to stand still, and her hand trembled violently as she noted it all, but took his arm without a word, and, with Maidie silently following, went up the steps and into the little army home, where the door closed behind them, and the knot of lookers-on, officers awaiting the call for afternoon stables, glanced significantly at each other, then went on their way.

CHAPTER VIII.

Vinton's flotilla came steaming into Honolulu harbor just as the smoke of the Doric was fading away on the western horizon.

Cheers and acclamations, a banquet tendered to the entire force in the beautiful grounds about the palace, and a welcome such as even San Francisco had not given awaited them. Three days were spent in coaling for the long voyage to Manila, and during that time officers and men were enabled to spend hours in seabathing and sight-seeing.

Vinton, eager to push ahead, fumed with impatience over the slow and primitive methods by which his ships were coaled, but the junior officers found many a cause for rejoicing over their enforced detention. Dinners, dances, and surf rides were the order of every evening. Riding parties to the Pali and picnics at Pearl Harbor and the plantations along the railway filled up every hour of the long, soft, sensuous days.

The soldiers explored every nook and corner of the town and, for a wonder, got back to ship without serious diminution in their number, and with a high opinion of the police, who seemed bent on protecting the blue-coats from the states and making the best of their exuberance of spirits.

Only one row of any consequence occurred within the forty-eight hours of their arrival. Three of the Colorado volunteers playing billiards in a prominent resort were deliberately annoyed and insulted by some merchant sailors who had been drinking heavily at the expense of a short, thick-set burly fellow in a loud check suit and flaming necktie, a stranger to the police, who knew of him only that he had landed from the Doric and was waiting the coming of the Miowera from Vancouver for Australia, and she was due on the morrow.

He had taken quarters at a second-rate sailors' lodging house and at first kept much to himself, but, once starting to drinking with his maritime neighbors, he became noisy and truculent, and sallied forth with four of his new-found friends, all half drunk and wholly bent on mischief.

The sight of three quiet-mannered young fellows playing pool in the saloon was just the thing to excite all the blackguard instinct latent in their half sodden skins, and from sneering remark they had rapidly passed to deliberate insult.

In less than a minute thereafter the young volunteers, flushed and panting, were surveying the police and bystanders engaged in dragging out from under the tables and propping up some wrecks of humanity, while the head devil of the whole business, the burly civilian in the loud checked suit, pitched headlong out of a rear window, was stanching the blood from his broken nose at the hydrant of a neighboring stable.

The volunteers were escorted to the landing with all honors, and their antagonists, barring the ringleader, to the police station. The affair was over so quickly that few had seen anything of it, and only one man had pitched in to the support of the soldiers—a civilian who came over on the Vanguard by the authority of Gen. Vinton, the ex-brakeman of the Southern Pacific. While the Colorado men had little to say beyond the statement that they had been wantonly insulted if not actually assailed by a gang of strangers, the railway man was ablaze with excitement and wrath over the escape of the leader of the vanquished party.

"I've seen that cur dog face of his somewhere before," said he, 'and the quicker you find and nab him the better. That man's wanted in more than one place or I'm a duffer."

And so the police spent hours that night in search of the stranger, but to no purpose. He kept in hiding somewhere, and their efforts were vain. Search of his luggage at the lodging house revealed the fact that he had a lot of new shirts, underwear, etc., but not a paper or mark that revealed his identity. The proprietor said the man had given the name of Spence, but he heard two of the sailors call him Sackett.

The following evening the general and his staff dined at the beautiful home of one of the old and wealthy residents, and towards nine o'clock Mr. Stuyvesant asked his general's permission to withdraw, as he had two calls to make before returning aboard ship. They were to sail at dawn.

Bidding good night and good-by to his charming hostess and declining the hospitable offer of a post-prandial "peg" from her genial lord, the young officer stepped blithely away down the moonlit avenue.

It was a beautiful summer night. The skies were cloudless, the air soft and still. Somewhere, either at the park or in the grounds of the Royal Hawaiian, the famous band of Honolulu was giving a concert, and strains of glorious music, rich and full, came floating on the gentle breeze. Here and there the electric lights were gleaming in the dense tropical foliage and sounds of merry chat and musical laughter fell softly on the ear.

The broad thoroughfare of Beretania street was well-nigh deserted, though once in awhile the lights of a cab on noiseless wheel flashed by, and at rare intervals Stuyvesant met or overtook some blissful pair whispering in the deep shadows of the overhanging trees.

It was quite a walk to the consul general's, his first objective point, but he enjoyed it and the brief visit that followed. Naturally the affair of the previous evening came up for discussion, and there was some conjecture and speculation as to the identity of the leader of the attack on the Denver boys. Stuyvesant repeated what his friend the brakeman said, that somewhere he had seen the fellow's face before, but he had only a second's glimpse of it, for the moment he launched in to the aid of the volunteers the man in the check suit caught sight of him—and a simultaneous crack on the nose that sent him reeling towards the open window, through which he darted the instant he could recover balance, leaving the field equally divided, four to four in point of numbers, but otherwise with overwhelming advantage on the side of the clear heads and trained muscles of the soldiers.

[To Be Continued.]

MONKEY AND MATCH-BOX.

Antics of a Simian Pet of Prof. Garner When Possessed of the Article.

Monkeys are always happy if they have plenty to eat and something to play with. Prof. R. L. Garner, in his "Apes and Monkeys," says that he recalls no investment which ever yielded a greater return in pleasure than a certain little match safe, which cost 25 cents. He gave it to a little monkey, Nellie by name, after putting into it a small key to make it rattle, and some bits of candy.

She rattled the box and found much pleasure in the noise. I showed her how to press the spring in order to open the box, but her little black fingers were not strong enough to release the spring.

However, she caught the idea, and knew that the spring was the secret which held the box closed. When she found that she could not open it with her fingers, she tried it with her teeth. Failing in this she turned to the wall, and, standing upright on the top of her cage, she took the box in both hands and struck the spring against the wall until the lid flew open.

She was perfectly delighted at the result, and for the hundredth time, at least, I closed the box for her to open it again.

The next time Nellie received the match safe she was in her cage, and through its meshes she could not reach the wall. She had nothing against which to strike the spring to force it open.

After looking around and striking the box several times against the wires of the cage, she discovered a block of wood about six inches square. She took this and mounted her perch. Balancing the block on the perch, she held it with the left foot, while with the right foot she clung to the perch. With her tail wound around the meshes of the cage to steady herself, she carefully adjusted the matchbox in such a manner as to protect her fingers from the blow. Then she struck the spring against the block of wood, and the lid flew open.

She fairly screamed with delight as she held up the box.

Under False Colors.

A woman prominent in smart society purchased a beautiful set of Dresden china coffee cups, but the next day sent them back to the store as not quite satisfactory. A clerk, returning the fragile things to the cases, touched something sticky. Investigation proved that the cups had been used and washed carelessly. The frequency of such petty frauds calls for protest. Another incident has a pleasanter flavor. A young college girl some years ago appeared in a pretty frock of a pattern which had been seen the day before on her richer roommate. A teacher commented aloud on the poor taste of wearing borrowed finery. The girl flushed, but remained silent. At dinner the roommates appeared dressed exactly alike. That time an older woman blushed. The student who had controlled herself has since been honored as one of the first ladies of the land. To scorn to sail under false colors is one thing; to attribute false things to others, without strong evidence, is quite a different thing.—Youth's Companion.

At Monte Carlo.

The croupier paid our winnings with evident reluctance.

"He doesn't like to cough!" we observed.

"Croupy, eh?" suggested the witty American.

But the laughter was far from general, inasmuch as few of that gay throng understood both French and English.—Detroit Journal.

Marry in Haste.

Marry in haste and let your father-in-law repent at leisure.—Chicago Daily News.

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent of Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON